

*The Historie.*

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reuenge the ieking and disdaine contempt:  
Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
To answere all the debt he owes to you,  
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace coosen, say no more.  
And now I will vnclaipse a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
Ile reade you matter deepe and daungerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to ore walke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, god might, or sinke, or swim,  
Send danger from the East vnto the West.  
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirs  
To rouse a lyon than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.  
By heauen me thinkes it were an easie leape,  
To plucke bright honour from the paleface'd moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where sadome line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,  
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare  
Without continuall all her dignities,  
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good coosen giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I crie you mercie.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all;  
By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,  
No, if a Scot would saue his soule he shall not.

He

*of Henry the fourth.*

Ile keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no eare vnto my purposes:  
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay I will: that's flat:  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,  
For bad my tongue to speake of Mortimer,  
But I will find him when he lies asleepe,  
And in his eare ile hollow Mortimer:  
Nay, ile haue a starling shalbe taught to speake  
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him  
To keepe his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you coosen a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly desse,  
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullenbrooke,  
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,  
But that I thinke his father loues him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance:  
I would haue him poisoned with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewel kinsman, ile talke to you  
When you are better temperd to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a waspe-stung and impatient foole  
Art thou? to breake into this womans moode,  
Tying thine eare to no tounge but thine owne?

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,  
Netled and stung with pismires, when I heare  
Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke,  
In Richards time, what do you call the place?  
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloucestershire;  
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vnckle kept  
His vnckle Yorke, where I first bowed my knee  
Vnto this king of smiles, this Bullenbrooke:  
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh.

*North.* At Barkly castle.

*Hot.* You say true.  
Why what a candy deale of curtesie,  
This fawning greyhound then did profer me,  
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,  
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind coosen:

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